

11-27-1942

Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1942-11-27

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

Follow this and additional works at: <https://commons.erau.edu/fly-paper>

Scholarly Commons Citation

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, "Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1942-11-27" (1942). *Embry-Riddle Fly Paper*. 23.
<https://commons.erau.edu/fly-paper/23>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Newspapers at Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Embry-Riddle Fly Paper by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact commons@erau.edu.

EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper "STICK TO IT"

VOL. V

NOVEMBER 27, 1942

No. 6



This magnificent picture is only one of the masterpieces found in Charles Ebbets' album. We were so impressed with its beauty when it came into the Fly Paper office that we felt it deserved the front page.

Taken at Carlstrom Field, it is not an infra-red, nor is it a trick shot, it is just the result of a master hand with his camera.

Ebbets is Chief of the Photographic Department of the Embry-Riddle Company and affiliates. His offices are located at both the Tech School and the Colonnade, but he is apt to be found at any one of the Fields.

This picture, among others, has won several awards and has received honorable mention in two photographic contests.

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by
EMBRY-RIDDLE



RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

* * *

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

* * *

EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL of AVIATION
Miami, Florida

* * *

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO
INSTITUTE OF TENNESSEE
Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn.

* * *

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO COLLEGE
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

* * *

JOHN PAUL RIDDLE, *President*

WAIN R. FLETCHER, *Editor*

* * *

VADAH W. THOMAS, *Assistant Editor*

* * *

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

WIN WOOD, *Seaplane Division*

CARA LEE COOK, *Landplane Division*
Miami

DOROTHY P. BURTON
Main Office and Technical School
Division, Miami

TOM WATSON, JR.
U. S. Army Primary School,
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia

JACK HOPKINS, No. 5B. F. T. S.
Riddle Field, Clewiston

JACK WHITNALL
U. S. Army Primary School,
Dorr Field, Arcadia

LARRY I. WALDEN, JR.
U. S. Army Primary School,
Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn.

KEN STIVERSON
A. "JOE" WILLIAMS — SAM LIGHTHOLDER
Staff Artists

CHARLES C. EBBETS, *Staff Photographer*

Letters to the Editor

Corozal, British Honduras
October 20, 1942

Fly Paper
Tech School
Miami, Fla.
U.S.A.

Dear Sirs:

I found amongst my interesting collection of Fly Paper copies the issue for which you offered a reward. I would have sent it earlier had I known about it, but, as you will readily see, most of my mail is usually missent to the Canal Zone, which causes a delay of weeks.

Your little Fly Paper is just one of those live wires which keeps giving a lift to my interest in aviation. I am a simple 21 year old Elementary school teacher in this undeveloped part of the world, but with an immortal interest in aviation, although I have only flown two hours in the back seat of an old Bellanca.

Yours truly,
Fernando Villamos

Editor's Note: In the first place we were flattered to receive this letter addressed to the Fly Paper with no mention of Embry-Riddle—such notoriety! Also, we are very interested to know how Fernando became acquainted with our publication. We have written to him that we regret his being too late for the contest, but would appreciate his copy of the Fly Paper for our files. We have also asked him to write us again explaining his interest in the Tech School.

Letter to Mr. Riddle

Salvador
Central America
November 9, 1942

Dear Mr. Riddle,

I hope this letter finds you well. I am very sorry that I was unable to say good-bye before I left; but, you see, my day of leaving was uncertain. I am sure that you will excuse me.

I arrived home all right, and I find that my government is going to give me a job in a couple of months.

I do not want to close without telling you again that I feel very grateful to you and to the instructors at the School for the fine way in which I was treated. Muchas Gracias.

Su amigo,
Romeo Rodriguez Creminio

Editor's Note: Mr. Riddle requested us to include the above with our Letters to the Editor. It is most gratifying to hear from our former students and to learn of their success.

November 17, 1942

Dear Editor:

I have been receiving your Fly Paper for nearly two years in various parts of the

country; but now I am pleased to change my address to your own Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida, where I am one of the American cadets with the B.F.T.S.

With the British on all sides of us, we feel like Yanks in the R.A.F.

Please continue to send me the Fly Paper here in Clewiston.

Thanks,
A/C Milton Steuer

Editor's Note: Since you've been such an ardent fan of the Fly Paper, Milton, why not contact Jack Hopkins, our Riddle Field Editor, and submit some copy to the paper? We know you must feel as if you've been transported to England itself. You'll like our Britishers; they're a swell bunch.

Dear Sir:

I am working at Welston Air Depot now and like it fine. Please send the Fly Paper to 206 Satnall, Macon, Georgia.

I like to hear the good news from Embry-Riddle.

Sincerely,
William E. Carr

Editor's Note: We are delighted to hear from William, and we hope he will continue to keep us posted concerning his activities. He was a vocational student sent here by the state of Georgia.

Letters From Former Students

This is an excerpt from a letter written to Mr. Estler from Pvt. B. E. Tellier who was graduated from 1-43-E on October 17, 1942:

"There are a lot of Riddle boys here in the 29th. Several are from the first class that graduated from Embry-Riddle.

"There are also several boys from other schools, but they don't have the all around knowledge of the Riddle boys. The majority of them seem to have had instruction on just one type of ship or engine, for that is all they seem to know.

"I met a few Riddle boys from Patterson Field yesterday.

This is an excerpt from a letter written to Mr. Estler from Pvt. Leo Zilg, Class Leader of 3-43-E, who was graduated on September 19, 1942:

"At Lawson Field we are working on C-47s and are practicing dropping paratroopers. Most the work is confined to engine maintenance. The group that left Embry-Riddle is doing fairly well.

"We are all crew assistants, but the ratings are quite slow in coming through. The best we have done is Pfc. awarded to Wybranski, Wilps, Wise, Weintraub, and myself."

COME SATURDAY!

As the Fly Paper goes to press, Saturday night's Embry-Riddle Dance is scheduled to be held at the Broadmoor Hotel.

Circumstances may, however, decide against our present plans. We advise everyone to call the Fly Paper office Friday for positive information.

Miami, Fla.
November 21, 1942

Dear Editor:

I am so pleased with the front page story of this week's issue (November 20), concerning Miss Ruth Norton, that I must write you a note.

It is gratifying to know that your company realizes the importance of the part which women must play in this world of today and is sufficiently progressive to award high positions to the feminine element when the need arises.

Best of luck to Miss Norton, to those who will necessarily follow her, and to the Embry-Riddle Company.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. W. R. Brannen

Editor's Note: Thanks for the very complimentary note, Mrs. Brannen. Probably you will be interested to know that, although Miss Norton is one of our most outstanding "Embry-Riddle women" and therefore is one of the few to "hit the front page," there are many more of us in the company taking over masculine jobs in order to release the men for service duty.

Letter to Sydney Burrows

21 Catherine Street
May Bank
Newcastle, Staffs
England
October 13, 1942

Dear Mr. Burrows,

As I write, I have before me an issue of the Embry-Riddle Fly Paper. This was brought here by my son, recently returned from the U.nity—S.pells—A.action hemisphere.

Incidentally, he is pictured on the front page of this issue as one of the Class 42G at Carlstrom Field, Arcadia; but I cannot adequately give his position.

I understand you are a son of the "Old Country." What a two-way pleasure must have accrued from your meeting of these English boys and their delight in your company.

What a lucky break for them to find an Englishman to give such a home-from-home welcome. To quote your own words in the Fly Paper of March 19th, "What a show—what a time—" but this time the bouquets go to one, Syd Burrows.

What a fairy godfather you have been to so many of these boys, and will they ever forget you!

My son was U/K Cadet Leighton, G. K., and maybe he signed your visitor's book. He was graduated on August 5, 1942.

The few copies of the Fly Paper he has brought back are so interesting that I would have liked a more complete series, including particularly issues from April to August, 1942.

He was, happily, a survivor of that sad episode in May last, when seven of his colleagues "failed to return." Doubtless you will recall the incident. But for con-

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER "Stick To It"

GOOD GREMLIN, BETTER TURKEY

THE PILOTS "TURKEY DAY" DREAM



It seems that Pvt. Volk's hungry little pilot has dreamed up an unheard of something—a GOOD gremlin. What's that line—"The stuff that dreams are made of. . ."

siderations of Service Regulations, I suppose not much was given to general publication.

A little "gen," as the boys say, would in the circumstances have been interesting. We have not had much from the boy himself.

While thankful for his good fortune, he is proud that he was able to take his "wings."

He is now quite well and Keeping Flying.

The mention of flying calls my attention to a pennant before me, styled Miami, Fla., a memento from that envious terrain we have hitherto only dreamed about.

In these grim days, it is a tonic to think that many of our boys have enjoyed such a tid-bit.

But a crowning feature is that they should have found there an Englishman—"Mine Host" treating them lavishly. They will never forget you.

By the way, what part of the old country do you hail from?

A matter of topical interest appeared in our own local newspaper, the "Evening Sentinel" only last Saturday, October 10th.

A Mr. Frank Dudley, Miami Beach, Fla., evidently wrote to the Editor as a native,

appreciating the regular receipt of this "Sentinel." A printed extract of his letter mentions the R.A.F. boys who have trained at the University of Miami. As a diversion from War, he mentions sunsets—Florida sunsets—and fishing.

Apropos of this Anglo-American interest, we had a special radio feature yesterday to commemorate the 450th anniversary of the New World, entitled "Christopher Columbus," and today we heard rebroadcast the "Fireside Chat" of your President. Maybe you heard a speech delivered by our own Prime Minister, Winston Churchill.

What a trinity of men—History made and History making!

Well, Mr. Burrows, I don't want to spoil the purpose of this letter by too serious expression. Your business has been to make happy and glad those who have undertaken the loyal service to fight for right and freedom and on every occasion have made it possible for them to have relaxation.

Your cordiality is much admired and has deserved its applause. Thank you!

Please accept my best wishes and in the manner of our own custom say, "Good Health."

Yours sincerely,
George W. Leighton

TECH TALK

by Evelyn Auslander

Dear Wain,

Please check carefully for libelous statements.

You will undoubtedly find that all proper names have been misspelled.

Cutting expected.

Greatfully yours,

Evelyn

Things will never be the same! At least not to those of us in departments evacuated from the old Alma Mater—the "Fritz Building." So excuse me please while I go sentimental. Here's what we miss about no longer being at Tech, and what you would too:

To us the bustle of the canteen is now just a fond recollection; the intriguing prattle of the oh so cozy restroom is something we can no longer hear. We can't flirt with the Army and the South Americanos, or say good morning to all the nice guards.

We can't see the kittens or note what smart outfits two attractive blondes are wearing. The drone of the airplane motors is a sound we've almost forgotten. We can't get lunches like those served in the cafeteria; and we miss all the cute runners.

Ghosts Walk In

Well, enough of these nostalgic yearnings. Just as every cloud has a silver lining, so has our new homestead many a compensating feature. For instance, our office is located across the street from a cemetery, and, as Mrs. Burton has so glibly put it, "At least it's convenient."

Speaking of cute little runners, as I was a moment ago, Lois Johnson has been having a mental conflict between entering the Civil Service and remaining here with us at Embry-Riddle. I think we've won.

I've discovered that Mr. Newsome, way up in sheet metal, is a very appreciative man and that he conveys his feelings in verse. Ask him about his ditty praising Personnel's good taste in the selecting of couriers and elevator girls.

Something happened the other day to our authority on Tech orders, Judge "Fire Extinguisher" Paine. He was giving his class quite a demonstration on fire extinguishers—when the object of his lesson went off in his face.

More Moving

I hear tell that the Instrument Department is moving next week. To the Colonade, I presume, that place where Materiel Control and Purchasing didn't get to go.

Instrument Instructor Eagleson has received his ensign's commission. He's leaving on the 15th for guess where—The Hollywood Beach Hotel.

I think I've reasoned out the reason why so many of these people and even whole departments are leaving Tech—It's because of one of Embry-Riddle's glamor girls, Betty Harrington. That doesn't sound

like good sense does it? But if you knew what we do about her, bet you'd want to play shy too. She has the measles.

Mr. Dodge is no longer chief steward of the cafeteria. He's now a major in the Army! Warren Howell, who goes around looking under your chair and desk and things when he's taking inventory, isn't going to do that to you anymore. It's the Army for Warren from now on.

Public Speaking Courses

Willard Burton's Instructor Trainee School at the Arcade Building could be especially dedicated to you men who are over 45 or to those of you who have a 4F classification. There's going to be a very nice Mrs. Ellis there who will conduct a course in public speaking.

I think Janet Silverglade must have been eavesdropping on us at lunch. The other day we were discussing (as usual) our avoir du pois (sp.), and she came through with a dandy suggestion that will undoubtedly be more fun than five minute drills of touching our toes just after the alarm clock goes off every morning (and will also help the girdle situation no end).

It's this: An inter-Embry-Riddle girls' bowling team. With five girls from each department, we can really start a peachy competition.

Those departments not having five girls can join an unofficial team or something of that sort. It sounds like an idea worth concentrating on, so get hep about it, girls.

Athletic Type ???

Incidentally, Janet is located in the Budge Boys' office of the Athletic Department on the 1st floor. We'd never think her the athletic type at all because she is so very much like a Dresden doll. She's only been here a month—so all you newcomers follow suit and don't be backward. Let's hear your suggestion, first impressions, proposed reforms, etc., etc.

Speaking of reforms, I'd like to see a crusade started on my peeve. It's to encourage the downtown stores to stay open one weekday night 'til 9 p.m. to enable us, and all others having working hours similar to ours, to attend to necessary shopping.

The storekeepers shouldn't mind, since they would be gaining additional business; and the salespeople will undoubtedly have no objections if they can start to work three hours later one morning a week (Monday morning).

This is a practice being carried on in numerous cities throughout the country for the benefit of defense workers, and it could easily be put into effect here.

Jack Bell of the Herald is probably the best person to petition, since he is already fostering the plan.

Thank you for the privilege of being able to diverge this verbal chatter.

MATERIEL CONTROL

by Joan Lowry

In writing for the Materiel Control Department I find that I am really becoming a snoop, and it's lots of fun.

Not being able to visit our different fields and become acquainted with those in our department, I have a helper, who, as you all know, is Mr. Buxton.

Yes, he is very helpful. Everytime he returns from a trip he knows that he won't have a moment's peace 'til he has filled my eager ear. So now here is the news from our other fields:

Transfers

Mrs. Janet Wilson has been transferred from the Carlstrom Post Supply to the Warehouse. So much hustle and bustle, but she'll get used to it.

Then Mr. Vanderbeck, Post Supply at Carlstrom, is now in the Stockroom at Chapman Field.

Kenneth Zutter, a real hustler, has been transferred from Chapman Field to the Warehouse. So, "Good luck, Kenneth."

S. J. Maxwell, Dorr Field, who has been working for the past few weeks with the Inventory Crew, has been placed permanently since Mr. James' resignation. From all reports, he has done well. "Keep up the good work."

Relapse

Peanuts was in too much of a hurry to get back to work, so he had a relapse and is back at the hospital. So, folks, don't forget to go by and say hello.

You've heard the old saying, "When the cat's away, the mice will play." Well, I don't really think I'm a bad mousey, but it so happens that the other day I was in Mr. Buxton's office using our speaker system—you know, it has some little gadgets that you turn and then you speak.

I was all set to do just that when I heard my name; and, being a woman, I released the button and who should come into the boss' office but Lew Pollak and a towering sailor.

After our introductions, we had a very nice chat. The sailor proved to be David H. Richards, who recently took our Instruments Course. When he took his exam, what do you think, he passed with flying colors to Second Class Petty Officer. He is now connected with the University of Miami as an instructor. Lew who was a sea faring man himself, is mighty proud of him, as they have been good friends.

So you see what can be accomplished when you have good moral support. We say, "Nice going, Lew, and good luck, Richard."

Can you imagine two men giving me the evil eye. And really, if I were a scarey sort of person, I'd have gone into my shell.

It's just because they're afraid to read the Fly Paper. But I see they get one as soon as possible, read like mad, and then smile a sigh of relief. But I'm warning them that they can't frighten me. Watch out—I'm watching you all the time.

Chapman Chatter

by Cara Lee Cook

STICK TO IT

At the sound of the whistle it will once again be Fly Paper Time with news and views of the pioneers on ye ole frontier. So DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL. Fifty-two times a year this happens to me and with 137 grey hairs *per annum* it won't be long before I'll be an authentic understudy for Whistler's Mother-in-law.

And you TOO can find the Road to Success (any connection between this road and the one to Singapore, Mandalay, Morocco and Burma is purely coincidental). Just send me the cover off any old worn-out coffee can together with a handsome blonde, six foot two, eyes of blue, and I shall tell you how to win friends and influential people.

Speaking of rationing, Meatless Tuesday has called for all out cooperation by our chef, who will patriotically feature a Special Western Sandwich on said day . . . a hunk of bread with a wide open space in between . . . possible!

Meteorology

While on the subject of weather, Alexander Stofie, the guard that runs out and looks at your tonsils while you recite the preamble, tells of what went on just before our recent hurricane (Chamber of Commerce please ignore this).

Two gentlemen entered the gate and gave their names as Mudd, and Snow and when

Stofie skeptically asked for proof they produced their identification cards. Then Miss Reine descended upon him followed by Mr. Windstrum. Very confoozing and slightly amoozing.

Anything can happen, and usually does. The Great Wilbur Sheffield is now trying to convince Stofie that snow comes then rain then mudd. Windstorm will just have to wait until another day.

Beware all those who are allergic to nicknames for "Frances" Moxley will hang one on you that'll never wash off, for instance "Fanny" Gilmore, "Fluffy" Davis, "Geraldine" Cook, "Snuffy" McDaniels, "Whipstall" DaBoll, "Bird-dog Reddish," "Hook" Bull and "Brutus" Hadley.

Third chapter will be written of this descriptive non-fiction story when some brilliant individual composes a name for Marjorie Bauer's new Irish Setter. Jimmy Gilmore has helped tremendously by furnishing nickels to pay "Conchita, Marquita, Lolita, Pepita, Rosita, Juanita Lopez." As the disc goes round we try to pick out an appropriate name.

Flight Director Camdon

To inaugurate the first in our series of personal interviews we pick as the first victim our new Flight Director, Sterling W. Camdon, "an" don't forget the Jr." Being very busy and more or less unpre-

pared for my sudden attack (I used the T or tiptoe formation) he didn't indulge much, but what did transpire is as follows:

He was born at a tender age in Pittsylvania County, Virginia, and modestly admits he's just a farmer boy. Has had previous experience with Civilian Pilot Training Programs. As Stage Commander at Arcadia, he had charge of training one complete class of Army Primary Students.

His work, his hobby, and his favorite topic of conversation is tied up in aviation, altho he admits that he plays a rather poor game of golf *on the side*. Now realizes that the fairways are just a stretch of green from one rough to another.

It is strictly a man's world at his home for he has two young sons, one five and the other thirteen months to dominate the atmosphere. We're very glad to have Mr. Camdon with us and hope he won't regret having adopted Chapman Field, a bewildering off-spring to say the least.

"Fireman Save My Child"

Chapman experienced all the thrills and excitement of a four-alarm fire last week when a battery suddenly went 'poof.' Rudy 'on the beam' Kane rushed for the large fire extinguisher and in the mad rush turned the cylinder upside down to the spraying position.

At this point it was unsafe to come within 50 feet of Fireman Kane as it was raining fire extinguisher in seven different directions. Meanwhile the fire had died a natural death and Rudy, with spirits somewhat dampened, returned to his old duties as a mechanic. There was many a drip in the hangar that day.

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

SEAPLANE BASE FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR AND "CATERPILLAR"



On the left is Laurence de Marco, assistant manager and chief flight instructor of Embry-Riddle's Seaplane Base, giving a little expert advice to Pat Caccozella, right. Pardon us, Ensign Caccozella. Pat has the distinction of being a member of the Caterpillar Club, having TOPPLED out of a plane a few months ago. Yes, he toppled—he didn't voluntarily bail out. It seems that Pat was up for a check ride in Lakeland and his safety belt became unfastened right plumb in the middle of an inverted loop. Much to Pat's surprise, he found himself hurtling to earth; but pulling the rip cord in ample time he landed safely with little more than hurt pride. Pat received his Commercial License at Chapman Field and now is waiting for orders to go on active duty in the Navy.

RIDDLE NIGHT AT PLAYDIUM

When our president, John Paul Riddle, steps out on the Playdium bowling alley, at 9:45 p.m. next Wednesday night and rolls the first ball, it will mark the opening of the Embry-Riddle Interdepartmental Bowling League.

The league will be under the direction of the Athletic Office. It will be comprised of 8 teams of men and 8 teams of women, bowling on a handicap basis.

The entries are being rapidly completed, and the complete plans are in the hands of all department managers. The league will run approximately 21 weeks, and the teams will play around 3 times.

At this first meeting of the league, officers will be elected from among the employee bowling enthusiasts, and complete plans for schedules and prizes will be drawn up.

—WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Christmas cards featuring pictures from Charlie Ebbets' folio will be on sale at all the Fields and Divisions in about two weeks.



Jack Hopkins, Editor

Pat Smythe, Nelva Purdon, Ralph Thyng, Johnny Potter, Dudley Amoss, Harry Ingram, Roy Lacey, Brian Johnstone, Jerry Greenberger, J. L. Kerr, Derrick Button, Bob Ahern, Pat McGehee, G. Burgess, Associate Editors.

This early edition, because of Turkey Day festivities, has caught us a little short handed; but nevertheless we shall attempt to give you a little "gen" from Riddle Field.

Interspersed in our column this week are items from the Maintenance Department written by our Maintenance Associate Editor, Jerry Greenberger.

It is often said, and rightly so, that this Department is the most unappreciated of them all. These are the fellows that get very little credit and catch all the h—.

Well, the column this week is dedicated to the Riddle Field Maintenance Department—they are doing a grand job, and the

The Riddle Field Repair Crew



The repair crew is the gang that is in charge of engine changes and repair of damaged aircraft. They are left to right: Ben Bradley—Cleaning crew, Darrel Curtis—Foreman, "Pop" Hale, C. K. Watkins, and Fred Bolton.

successful flight of every plane that takes off and lands at this Field is a tribute to their fine work. So, hats off to L. M. Hutson and his Maintenance Department.

Mr. Tyson Comes Home

The little rumor we spoke of in last week's Fly Paper has been confirmed. General Manager G. Willis Tyson has returned from his trip to England.

Everyone is certainly glad to see the "chief" back at his desk. We say "welcome home" to the boss.

Mr. Tyson had some very interesting experiences on his trip, and we are hoping to feature some of them in an article by him in the next issue.

Sport News

The coming event on the Sports Program at Riddle Field is the Swimming Meet which is scheduled for Wednesday, December 9, at 2:30 p.m.

Events scheduled for the meet will include free style, breast stroke, back stroke, medley races, fancy diving, etc. A feature of the afternoon will be a diving exhibition presented by Mr. Sim Speer, Advanced Instructor, who formerly swam at the San Francisco Exposition.

An interesting softball game was played last Thursday evening between the Mechanics and the No. 5 B.F.T.S. team. The contest ended in an 8-8 tie, called because of darkness after eight innings of play.

The game was a tilt of rallies and counter-rallies, until the last two innings, when both sides settled down to shut the other out. A return match is scheduled for the future. The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	R.
No. 5 B.F.T.S.	0	1	4	0	0	3	0	0	8
R. Field Mech.	0	4	0	1	1	2	0	0	8

Those playing for the mechanics were: Cochran, Myers, Feldman, Andrews, Garrone, Reese, Bennett, Waters, and Fee.

The Cadets had Crook, Hatchwell, Cladillon, Higgins, Charlesworth, Carol, Clay, Thatcher, Davies, Kelly, Potter, Kennedy, and Hopkins in their lineup.

Last Sunday afternoon, a sports meeting was held between the Clewiston High

Part of the Riddle Field Grease Monkeys, who do their part to "Keep 'em Flying."



Back row—left to right: "Speedy" Parker, Murray Gill, E. P. Booth, Junior Blount, H. K. Hickey, Al Garrone—the brush slinger, "Pop" Hale, Mort Feldman—Prop Club President, Clayton Watkins, Fred Bolton, and Jimmie Pendrey.

Front row—left to right: Sidney Strickland, Jack Morris, June Waldron, Porter Thomas—Instrument Mech., Hubert Post, and Jack Schopenhauer—Engineering Hangar Chief.

The 25 Hour Inspection Crews Primary, Basic and Advanced were not present when this picture was taken. Incidentally while we are on the subject of Mechanics, Mort Feldman and Clayton Watkins were the first mechanics to set foot on Riddle Field.

School, under their Coach, R. W. Turk, and this station.

A "miniature" track and field meet was held, and a softball game was played. Due to the early deadline of this week's copy, we won't have the results for you until next week.

Idle Chatter

Squadron 1, fellows, is starting wings exams preparations. However, several of the boys took time-out to make arrangements for their Listening Out edition, with Roy Lacey and J. L. Kerr, our Associate Editors, leading the way.

Speaking of this Squadron, the picture of "The Villain" is a member of that Flight—do you recognize him?



"The Villain"

Maintenance

You know, by the way Riddle Field Maintenance news has been in the Fly Paper, you would think the department was the black sheep of the Riddle Family; but now is the time, and it will remain that way, that the Fly Paper readers will see our Column, every week.

Reminiscing

There have been many changes in the Riddle Field Maintenance personnel and activities since last year.

The mechanics are no longer running their inspections in open air hangars, and the instructors are no longer flying off cow pastures.

The open air hangars have been replaced by large all-metal hangars, the Flight Hangar and the Engineering Hangar, and the cow pastures have been replaced by Flying Fields covered with fine layers of green grass.

Female Maintenance Help

The so-called weaker sex have made quite a name for themselves in this War, and there is a gang of females at Riddle Field who are doing their bit to "Keep 'em Flying."

There are girls in all the offices, both Flight and Engineering, not to mention Administration, in the stock rooms, in the supply rooms, and in operations. They all seem to be doing quite well, and you call them the "Weaker Sex."

Do You Remember

Former Riddle Field Maintenance Employees:

Continued on Page 9

LATIN AMERICANS VISIT MIAMI HIGH and UNIVERSITY

by Samuel Bodden, Nicaragua

Moved by the interest of knowing a bit about the methods of instruction in this country, a group of us Latin-American students at the Embry-Riddle School requested permission to visit the Miami Senior High School and University of Miami.

The group was composed of the following trainees: Sertorio Arruda, Brazil; William Tartacovsky, Chile; Gonzalo Lopez Garzon, Argentina; Florentino Sequeiro, Cuba; Fernando Naranjo, Ecuador; Pedro Flores, Ecuador; Federico Zerres, Venezuela; Ladislao Guerrero, Nicaragua; Aquilino Machado Pereira, Uruguay; and the writer, Sam Bodden, Nicaragua.

In both places we were most attentively received by the authorities of the institutions and student delegations accompanied us around to the different departments, where we could observe and listen with leisure to the practical and theoretical classes.

At the Miami High School we noted with much interest the practical courses that have recently been adapted to the program which offer a new opportunity to so many

of the teen-age boys, who will soon be in the armed forces.

We also observed with great satisfaction the interest that is given to the Spanish language and had an opportunity to participate in one of the classes.

Besides the educational aspect that the University offers, we thought the different fraternities and sororities of the students very interesting.

Here we met a Peruvian Professor of Geography of Hispano-America, who gave us an extremely interesting and instructive talk along with his class.

After visiting the auditorium, offices, classrooms, and other sections of the school, we were taken to the library where we were happy to find quite a few well-known books by our native writers.

A friendly gathering in the cafeteria with some of the students who offered refreshing drinks to the gang brought an end to our visit at the University of Miami.

Both visits culminated satisfactorily to all the boys in the group, and we all feel that better relations are always a result of better understanding.

ENGINE NOISES

by Gladys C. Goff

With the prompt return of warm weather (page the Chamber of Commerce), Engine Overhaul football thaws out and again gets under way during the noon hour. The boys play touch and pass now. All we lack are bleachers.

Allene Johnson of our Crankshaft Department is suffering injuries received in an automobile accident. She is at Jackson Memorial Hospital. The entire department, I'm sure, joins with me in wishing her a speedy recovery.

The three attractive couriers (okay, call them guides, pages, what-have-you) from Tech School paid a visit to our department last week.

Mr. Pelton, Assistant Superintendent, was the lucky man who walked 'em around, pointed, explained, smiled, gestured. Not a hard job to take, eh, Mr. Pelton?

The Propeller Department is now in full swing under the able supervision of Earl Battersby. Keep 'em spinning, boys!

Odds and Ends

The 20th day of the month seems to be the most popular day on which to start work in our department. More people started on the 20th than on any other, with the 1st day of the month running a close second (however that's done!).

On the subject of names, given and middle, of the men in our department, John and Charles are heard most often. Names starting with "J" and "K" are most numerous.

We boast having famous names on our

payroll, Ulysses and Alexander being two of these. The crowning achievement might be said to have been attained when we have the Lord working for us. John Minton Lord is our man. Can any other department do as well?

So long until next week.

WING FLUTTER

by Catherine W. Kerr

Sorry, there is definitely a scarcity of flies down around Aircraft Overhaul this week, so we will not take much of your Fly Paper—space.

News seems to be scant. I guess everyone is getting ready for Thanksgiving Turkey. After Thanksgiving they will probably be so stuffed they won't be able to talk. But, what they are really interested in is to Keep 'em Flying.

Sports

Our sporting crowd went hunting on Saturday night and Sunday, and a grand time was had by all. However, it seems as if there wasn't a cruel one in the gang, even to Sam Ebbetts. They didn't make a single shot.

I understand they're all pretty good on the trigger, as they have done it before, but the Rationing is in full effect even in the Everglades among the turkeys and deer. The hunters claim the everglades were too dry.

The writer would like to suggest that the next time they prepare for a trip like that they contact the instrument department and borrow a compass — George (Wolf) Wool lost his way. What happened

George, did you see something? Or were you just playing Corrigan?

I understand the Bowling Team is still in first place. And if you want to know, our own Jim McShane rolls a wicked ball, along with the rest of the Embry-Riddle boys from Engine Overhaul. So far down here we haven't any other enthusiasts, but we're mighty proud of the one we have.

Until after the Turkeys fly Thanksgiving, Keep 'em Flying.

PROGRAM

The Riddle "Family Theatre"

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Feature Picture

"LOVE TAKES A FLIGHT"

with Bruce Cabot
and Beatrice Roberts

Monday, November 30th
RIDDLE FIELD

Tuesday, December 1st
DORR FIELD

Wednesday, December 2nd
CARLSTROM FIELD

Thursday, December 3rd
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Feature Picture

"TWO MINUTES TO PLAY"

with Herman Brix

Thursday, December 3rd
RIDDLE FIELD

Friday, December 4th
DORR FIELD

Monday, December 7th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

For Exact Time and Place,
See Your Superior Officer

Admission Charge, Ten Cents

LOST!!

Ruth Turner, one of our "chauffeures" at the Tech School, has lost two rings. She believes she left them in the rest room at Tech last Saturday.

Ruth says that they have no intrinsic value, but for sentimental reasons she would be very happy to have them back.

UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Larry I. Walden, Jr., Editor

Frank Haynes, Photographer

Jimmy Glover, Writer

Cadets Kemper, Hardy, and Williams, Associates

Ken Stiverson

Alva Nelle Taylor

Dear Guys and Gals,

As we look about us here at Embry-Riddle Field, we see many things that we as yet have not told you about, some things we could not, and some we just haven't found space to describe.

There is something which we can't fail to mention now. That is the great number of trees and shrubbery now beautifying the grounds around the buildings.

They have been placed evenly around each building and around the walks, and we cannot help but dream dreams of the future beauty of this Post here in Tennessee.

Another group of Cadets, the largest to come to the Field, arrived last week, eagerly looking forward to their first hours in the air.

Watching these men from day to day gives us a great thrill, as we see in them the spirit of the American people—the spirit which will mean victory for the U.S.A.



Miss Mary Lou Joyner. Miss Joyner was connected with the Wheeler Construction Co. before becoming a member of Riddle-McKay Personnel. She is now working in the Accounting Dept. and is temporarily acting as Secy. to the General Manager, Boots Frantz, during the absence of Betty Lightholder.

Thanks to A/C Irving Kempner for this: "Many vivid stories are told of the exploits of the men in the Air Force of this country. So many stories, in fact, that people forget that these deeds were done by men who are fighting for an ideal which they hope to preserve.

The Story Behind the Man

Some of the stories behind the men who perform these valiant deeds are sometimes more engrossing than the deeds they perform.

While glancing through the records the other day, we had cause to whistle; for we found that the backgrounds of the boys whose homes are in the South are predominately American. But the men from the Northern sections of the country were found to be descendants of every nationality in Europe.

Many are found to have parents who migrated here from Poland, Austria, Rus-

sia, Hungary, Italy, and Germany; in fact, every country that one time existed in Europe is represented in the Air Forces.

While of foreign parentage, the lessons of democracy and freedom are preached most ardently in these homes. Shall we give you a typical example of what we mean?

The following would be a good story because it is most nearly typical. For instance, there's Johnny Kiler. The name's not right, but what's the difference?

Johnny's Parentage

His dad came from Poland and traveled the long voyage from there to here at the age of sixteen years. He immediately went to work and in a few years had a partnership in a leather goods business.

Johnny's mother came from Russia. She left there because she insisted on expressing her inherent desire for governmental freedom. She sought the golden shores of America to escape the terrorism of the Czar's Cossacks.

She didn't really have to go, because her mother owned a flourishing bakery business that gave them a better than decent living. Once in America, though, she would have no more of a country where to protest meant imprisonment.

Brothers in A. A. F.

Johnny has two brothers. Right now, they're both in the Army Air Forces. The older, whom he calls "Chief Pilot" of the family, is married and could have received an occupational deferment, but somehow didn't think of it.

His twin recently got his Bombardier Wings and is soon to be married to a sweet young lady who escaped the terrorism of Hitler's regime. Johnny's twin owes a special debt to Schickelgruber for murderously disposing of Jean's (his girl's) mother and father.

It even makes Johnny's blood boil to think of it. At least a hard glint, behind



Ervin Kussrow, Supt. of Maintenance, pulling new "peanut whistle" announcing arrival of new baby boy.

a disarming smile, comes into his eyes when he mentions it.

There—you have a story. One family. Three sons in the Army and still not content to stop giving. Even their business has been given over to the government, producing leather goods for the Army and Navy.

Perhaps the boys will wear their Dad's stuff in action against the common enemy. At any rate, the story of this family is a good example of the reason why America won't be beaten.

Now back to news about the Field.



Typical of arrival of New Class of Cadets at Embry-Riddle Field.

The Refresher School is growing in wisdom and stature with several new additions. We have mentioned BIG Larry Walden, Ground School Director, Calvin Clymer and Junior Meeks, both local men, Mr. Myers, and Chester Smith, who came to us from Maxwell Field. Jimmy Cleveland recently finished the Refresher School and is now a full-fledged Instructor.

The head of the School, Jim Long, better known to the fellows as "One Long Song," must be a good teacher, for his class keeps growing. And by the way, Bob Watts, Flight Instructor, has been added to the Refresher School as Assistant to Mr. Long.

"For Arrivals Only"

We can't help laughing at the thought of Ervin Kussrow, Supt. of Maintenance, getting so excited the other morning that he drove to the Field without his usual passengers.

The cause of the excitement was a new 7 lb. 7 oz. off-spring at Ervin's house. Congrats and then some! We're enclosing a picture of "Pop" Kussrow pulling the cord on the new air-whistle which has been installed on a hangar. Methinks a good sign to put on this whistle cord would be "For Arrivals Only."

Many of the Flight Instructors have been missed the past few days with several of them going on vacations. Betty Lightholder went with her husband to New Jersey, where they were to visit Mickey's parents.

Since the establishment of Eight flights, meaning Four new ones, the dispatchers have increased in number with Four new—would you guess it—gals! Yessirree, the Misses Louise Cashion, Martha Williams, Virginia Roper, and Anne McCord. Louise, Martha, and Virginia went to Operations from the Canteen.

I think it's just a rumor, but somebody



We've been missing "Our Pal" the last few days.

said that somebody else said that they heard someone else had said that we might in the near future see several women Mechanics around these parts.

Rumor or no, our Engines Instructor has taken a very noticeable interest here of late in his personal appearance. Hmmm. But don't tell anybody I told you.

It's Captain Now

Well, well, I really like this idea of passing around candy and cigars when something has happened, and especially when it's like the last thing that took place around here.

It's not Lt. Brunette now. No sir! The Commanding Officer of the Air Depot De-



Barber, Marvin Lannom. Seated in Chair, Sam M. Sparks, Assistant General Manager Riddle-McKay of Tennessee.

tachment here has traded his one silver bar for two and is now Captain Ralph Brunette. We're all happy with him over his promotion.

RIDDLE ROUNDUP

Continued from Page 6

The Concannon Brothers, Frank and Joe. Well, Frank is with the Army Air Corps in Alaska, while Joe is a glider pilot stationed somewhere in the southern part of the U. S. A.

Eddie Peters is with the Pan American Air Ferries somewhere in Africa.

Quentin Sellers is with the Army Air Forces in bombardier school, Lowry Field, Denver, Colo.

The Paver Brothers, Milt and George, are Civilian Mechanics at McDill Field, Tampa, Fla.

Bill McCaleb is Engineering Hangar Chief at our sister field in Tennessee.

"Moon" Mulson is now with Pan American in Miami.

Bob Hand is a civilian mechanic at McDill Field, Tampa, Fla.

"Porky" Perdue is back in the Navy

We would like to mention the fact that Embry-Riddle Field boasts an award winner in the Safety Committee Meetings. According to minutes received from representatives of committees from other fields, we find that Union City has been successful in promoting the splendid idea of holding classes in First Aid.

The award winner is none other than our Assistant Director of Flying, Charles E. Sullivan. In due time Mr. Sullivan is to be properly recognized for his good suggestion made in a meeting of the Safety committee here—this suggestion has since been incorporated into the safety plans at other fields. Embry-Riddle Field is First again!

CADET CHATTER

by A/C Carl Hardy

With the rare but welcomed privilege of wearing our goggles up or, as the unknowing say—"Solo"—came the added distinction of being Upperclassmen. Our upperclassmen, 43-C, moved on to Basic, and we know they'll make out O. K.

Lt. W. E. Mackey was relieved as Commandant of Cadets by Lt. W. H. Semmes. Lt. Mackey will be a hard man to beat, but up to now, our new Commandant has filled his shoes very well. New Cadet Captain is A/C "Al" Hogan—a tough job and an able man.

We are all looking forward to next week and the arrival of our "Zombies"—new faces and new friends. But they'll have to toe the line and stay "on the ball."

As a group, we would like to express our appreciation to Embry-Riddle for the fine place they have made the 67th AAFSTD. 43-D hopes to break all the records here, and the whole Field's personnel has more than helped us so far. Thanks a lot from all the Cadets.

Well, 'til we get another letter from our favorite WAAC or hear something of interest—Happy Landings!

after leaving Riddle Field to become Flight Chief at Union City.

Frank Pennock is with aircraft overhaul at Embry-Riddle in Miami.

Forgotten?????

There is a certain young fellow at Riddle Field who has been employed here since early February, and who boasts of being the only member of the entire Riddle Family that has never had his name mentioned in the Fly Paper.

He says he sees names of people in the Fly Paper who are no longer employees of the company, people who are only visitors, and people who are just honorably mentioned.

In a late issue of the Fly Paper, there was given a list of the entire personnel, except, of course, this one little fellow.

In case you are interested, and you probably are not, his name is Bill "Hogan" Andrews, chief dope (Period) and fabric man at Riddle Field.

SQUADRON 2 NOTES

by Pat Smythe

Blue Flight, or should we say No. 2 squadron, have been out of the news lately. Whether they intend to stay out rather depends on me, their reporter.

They are so great, so unassuming, and so reticent about their affairs that it is difficult to find anything to say about them.

Quiet as they are, however, I should like to have had a machine with me last week capable of delving into the doings of the Flight on leave.

Focusing my beam on San Antonio, Tex., I could have watched Henry A's movements closely. I could have seen him also at Randolph Field "gunning up" on the unprofitable technique of eating "square meals."

Focusing a liberal beam on the night life of Chicago in general, I might have seen "Chutty" Ward and "Dusty" Miller involved in a sober discussion on the relative merits of Chicago and Nottingham ales—I might!

And what of New Orleans, land of dreams. Here I seem to see "Sherry" and "Jacko" conversing with the British consul. The topic of that talk I am unable to divulge.

Brief Flashes

"Ben" and "Wilky" looking vainly for eagles in the sky above Mobile—too bad, the ceiling 2,000 feet!

Peter West seems to have a good reason for staying in Palm Beach. Hectors Saunders must have had a very good reason for going to Toronto.

No time for more at present, so "switching off-OVER, I mean OFF!"

MY PERSONAL SALUTE TO THE ENGLISH ON RIDDLE FIELD

by Jerry Greenberger

The other night, Thursday, October 29, 1942, to be exact, I had the pleasure of dining with some of the R.A.F. Officials of Riddle Field at a dinner given by Jack Hopkins at the Clewiston Inn for the Associate Editors of the Riddle Field Fly Paper column.

In spite of all the jokes about their being slow to realize humor, I find the English very humorous, amusing, and witty.

Captain Nickerson is a real comedian, and when he gets together with those other practical jokers, C/O Prickett and SQ/L Hill, you have a real comedy trio.

I also find the English to be very appreciative, loyal, and thankful for what the Americans are doing for them both here and abroad, and I know that American-British relations are tops at our field.

ANNIVERSARY!

Wednesday, November 25, marked one year with the Embry-Riddle Company for "Andy" Andrews, Chief Storekeeper of the Instrument Department at the Tech School.

DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

Last Thursday night at 8:30 sharp the show opened. Dorr Field's first big time entertainment put on by the Camel Caravan, with good singing, good music, and pretty girls.

Superintendent of Maintenance Cullers built a stage, set up lighting effects, and built a dressing room for the actors; again the Maintenance Department comes through with flying colors. Let's hope we have another show real soon.

New Officers

Two new officers reported at Dorr on Saturday: Lt. Donald D. Webster, who is to replace Lt. Duke as Post Intelligence Officer, and Lt. Gerald J. Booken, who is to be Lt. Palmer's assistant at the infirmary.

Capt. Jack C. Pinkerton, erstwhile adjutant at this field, has returned to his happy hunting ground in the status of a student officer. Good luck, Captain Jack.

Messers Mougey, Taylor, and English returned from a hunting trip Friday night. As yet we haven't heard what luck they had, but we understand that Mr. Mougey told Gerald that quail did not have four legs, neither did they go MOO.



Lts. Frank and Jennings and Capts. Phillip and Bentley teaming up for a hot contest.

We also heard "Buttercup" offer to lend his horse to anybody who wanted to borrow him, since the new law says that no gasoline is to be used for hunting.

Anyway, who wants to borrow an old broken down horse that can't even buck on a cold morning with a sandspur under his saddle blanket.

Another nimrod's party consisted of Captain Bentley, John Hudson, and "Dead-duck" Whitnall. The only excuse we have to offer is that if that black cat of John Hudson's would stay in the guard house, all would be well; but said cat followed us, particularly Captain Bentley just about 2 feet behind him through palmettoes and over canals.

Nothing the Captain did could discourage that cat. Did we get any quail? That's a Military secret.

Comings and Goings

Margaret Estelle left this past week for New York. We heard she was joining the WAVES. Wherever she goes, we wish her the best of luck.

A newcomer, Mrs. Ruth E. Russel, Miami, is taking Mr. Norman's place in Army

operations. Mr. Russel is instructing at Carlstrom Field and we hope Mrs. Russel will bring him over and show him a really swell Field.

Mr. Hocker returned from his vacation Tuesday night, after a visit in Westfield, Mass.

Lt. Thomas Gates, our ex-manager now stationed at Drew Field, paid us a short visit last Wednesday. We might also add it was a very speedy visit too, as Lt. Gates was flying a fast pursuit job.

At first we were wondering if he would be able to extract himself from the mob that surrounded the ship when he landed. Did you notice the face painted on the snout—we'd hate to wake up some morning to find it in bed with us.

Canteen News

The girls in the Sub-Canteen are wondering if any rare objects were offered at the Camel Caravan Thursday night.

Married persons, you know, were admitted only with their "spouses." That word in the notice brought forth these definitions from guests in the Hanger Canteen:

"It's a bird."

"It means your sun shoes."

"A kind of a chicken."

One person, who asked what a "spouse" was, got the reply: "I don't know, but when I hear that word I want to get my gun and start fighting."

We are glad to have Mrs. Don Cutshall working with us in the Canteen. She can speak to the boys in their own language, for she also has had flying experience.

The Canteen isn't quite the same since we bid our farewell to Mrs. Jack Mills. (Jimmie).

New faces in the Canteen: Ruth Cutshall, Edith Hartman, and Garnett Wendel. We are glad to have Miss Eva Summerall back, even though she doesn't plan to stay with us very long.

Editor's note: The plural of Spouse is bigamy.

Motto for the Week

"Do right and fear no man; don't write and fear no woman!"

The social event of the week was the mullet barbecue held on the banks of Peace River last Tuesday night. Mr. Cullers, Bill Ellard, Gene LeVines, Doc Rude, Al Martin, Ally Hollingsworth, and most of the Maintenance Crew attended.

Ally brought the wood which was enjoyed by everybody and we don't mean they ate it; Doc Rude arrived a little late, his excuse being that Cpl. Al Martin took so long to dress. That's his alibi and he sticks to it.

Several of the gang came to work next morning all broken out with fish scales, from all the eats they had, no wonder. Barbecued mullet, pickles, beans, potato salad, rolls and hot coffee.

We were invited but couldn't make it.

We surely are going to make the next one though. (No one fell in the river THIS time.)

Bob Kelly, gas truck driver, is the proud father of an 8 lb. boy, mother and son are doing nicely and Bob is slowly recovering. Congratulations, Bob.

Mr. Foster's new clerk in the Form room is Mrs. Laura Bretton.

"A Casting"

We understand that Britt is learning to use a cast net. Last week he and George Procter went acasting and on the first cast, which was George's, he forgot to turn loose the net at the proper time. Last seen of him was 12 miles out in the Gulf—some cast.

Britt did a little better but still was a little late letting go of the net and is now nursing a couple of loose teeth.

Ben Gore has the reputation of having the smallest appetite on the field; for lunch the other day five hamburgers and two pints of milk. Then with a sad shake of his head say's, "Ah me, I'm just wasting away to nothing, just skin and bones."

"Larry" Poole has at last soloed on Mr. Cullers bicycle after 24 hours dual from Owen Mercer. That man and that soup strainer. "Hairless Joe" Franklin is a mighty proud man since Mrs. Franklin went up for her Packing Parachutes license.



Capt. Bentley, left, and Lt. Frank all set for a contest. Opponents unknown.

PITTER PATTER

by Pizza

Another week—and another new class. Yep! Lots of new cadets ready to learn how to shoot down "Herr Hitler and his two Badmen."

They look very "EAGER" which usually means "Good Pikots." Here's wishing them all the luck in the world. Do your best, boys.

The new week not only brought "new" cadets, but also the "old" retreat. "Old Glory" is back in her prime. And that's the way it should be. The flag stands for America, so why shouldn't we stand for the flag? Long may it wave!

Look out Carlstrom. Here we come!!! We are out to take your scalp. During the last week we have elected captains in the various sports and are all set to take on all competition, which, according to Lt. Jennings, will be the Carlstrom Field cadets. This suits us fine. We hope it's in the very, very near future.



Lt. Palmer, left, laughing that one off with Lt. Revere, of the Air Depot Detachment.

"THANKS" is the word that was on each cadet's tongue Sunday as he came out of the Woman's Club. The thanks was for the super-elegant turkey dinner that was provided for the cadets and wives of Dorr and Carlstrom Fields.

And—it was all free!! Yes, free!!! The dinner itself deserves praise, but being free, it deserved extra loud applause. To the women who made the dinner possible I'm taking this opportunity to say thanks again.

We also wish to remind the cadets that next week, at the same place, there will be another elegant feast. Price, 50 cents a plate. If you're smart, you'll be there.

I'm glad to see the bus company had two, yes two, busses at the gate Saturday evening for cadets. I hope it continues, because with the new cadets now anxious to go in town, the traffic problem is going to increase.

How many of you cadets went to see the Camel Caravan? All right, all right—you cadets that didn't go should've. You really missed something—didn't they fellows?

We like the way the show began. Ladies and Gentlemen and Officers! All in all, the show went over with a bang. Let's hope for more entertainment like it in the near future.

THE MISSING LINKS

by Corp. A. C. Lofgren

'Tis rumored the Kaydets have a needle, ball, and air speed complex. The link instructors have acquired a few new gray hairs answering questions such as, "How about lazys, snap rolls, and will the link loop?" No, but you could ask "Dive Bomber Sharkey" and "Needle-Width McDuffie."

Corp. Al Martin's fiancée neglected to send a letter one day last week, and the Corporal has been going around with a long face ever since.

We are laying odds that Sgt. Lambeth will pop the question before Xmas.

We have hopes the "Swede's" battlecry, "They were lucky," will bear fruit one day out on the athletic field.

What prompts Pfc. Marshak's frequent visits to Sebring? Does he just go along for the ride?

CIVILIAN FLYING INSTRUCTORS PLAY MAMMOTH ROLES IN WAR

Major R. J. Stecker from Hqs., SEAAFTC, recently made an address before the civilian flying instructors of Dorr Field.

He expressed the Army Air Forces' appreciation for the fine work these men are doing and emphasized the extreme importance of their task.

A minute's letdown by them while teaching, the Major stated, might result at some later date in the loss of a pilot's life through instructional deficiency.

Though little publicized, the civilian flying instructor is playing a mammoth role in this war effort.

One big problem confronting most of these men, however, is their draft status. Unfortunately the Selective Service Act has made no deferment provision for these men beyond designating a six month grace period expiring January 31, 1943.

To lose valuable instructor personnel through induction would work a hardship, not only on the individual concerned, but on the entire flying training program.

The "status quo" must be preserved, Major Stecker announced, and the best method of doing so would be to have the draft-eligible instructors join the enlisted reserve of the Army Air Forces.

By so doing they will remove themselves from Selective Service jurisdiction and will be able to pursue their instructional activities without interruption.

Seventy to eighty per cent of the civilian instructors in all Primary Training Schools under command of the SEAAFTC will eventually be enlisted in the Army Air Corps Reserve. At some fields as many as ninety-five per cent of these men have already done so, the Major stated.

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—

—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

A NOTE FROM BALDIE

Dorr Field

Dear Unkie:

You'll have to pardon the fact that this is written on note book paper, but I'm on the flight line waiting for the white flag to come down.

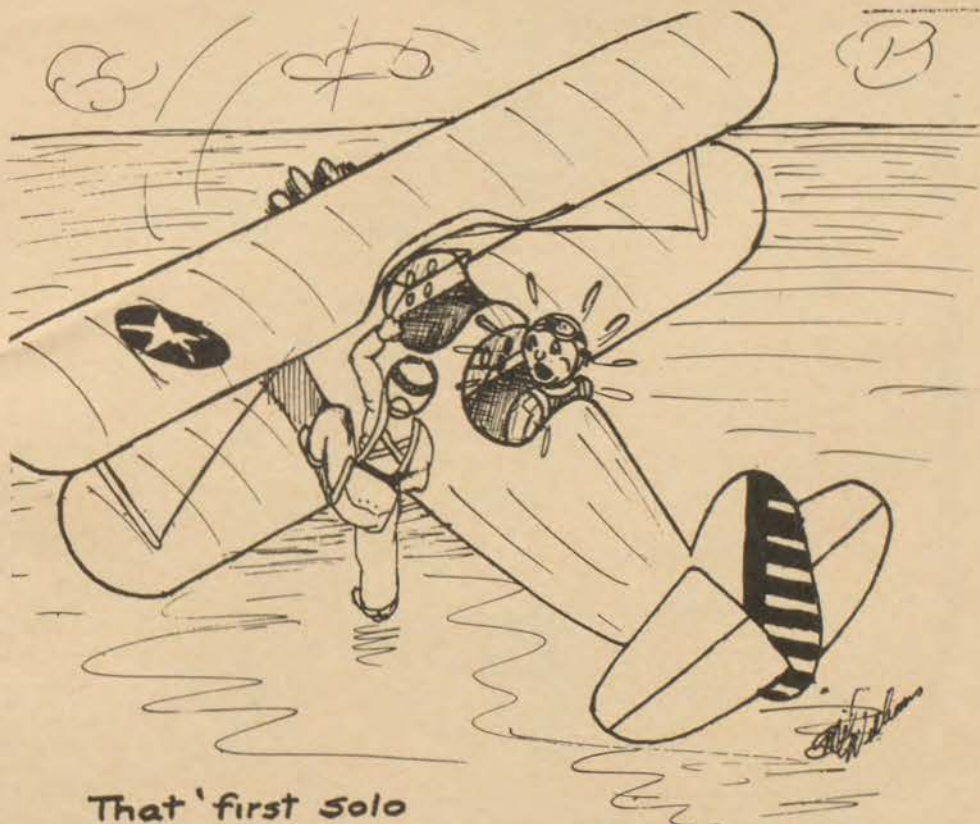
Since we've been here, we have added two formations to our daily routine. First, we didn't have to stand reveille. We were here a week—and what happens? We have to roll out for reveille.

Now what do we have to do?—to make a long story short, we, of all people, have to stand retreat. Frankly, Unkie, I think we ought to petition for a chaplain on this post.

The best news I've heard this week—the Lakeland cadets are getting *overnight* passes on the week-end. Well, we can hope, can't we?

The white flag just went down, so I get ready for my solo period.

Your loving nephew,
"Baldie"



That 'first solo

Mel Williams, Embry-Riddle Field, Knows Whereof He Draws

BROADMOOR BALLAD

by Lucille Valliere

A very modern, though cozy little Broadmoor Hotel situated on the very edge of the very blue ocean; swaying palms, silvered by the gorgeous Miami moon; twinkling stars; warm breezes . . . this was the setting for last week's victory party.

The dance floor was a bit on the small side, but it was adequate for the number of guests present. We must always remember, boys and girls, that there's only ONE Deauville and very few floors more than half the size of the one to which we have become accustomed.

Let's all try to make the best of circumstances. We don't all have to dance at the same time . . . we can sit one out occasionally.

Well, to get back to Saturday's party . . . it seems we might have called it "Navy Night." Many of the male guests were naval officers, United States and Brazilian.

Adriano Ponso, one of our Brazilian students, arrived late in the evening with Thelma Elliott and several other guests, among whom were: Lt. J. A. Thomas, Lt. W. H. Bright, and Lt. B. Janofsky, all of the United States Navy; also Lt. G. Rocha, Lt. P. Garcia, Lt. Adolfo Vasconcellos, and Lt. Silva of the Brazilian Navy.

When they arrived it seemed as though about one tenth of the officers of the United States and Brazilian Navies were coming in, but that's not the half of it . . . for

they had already been preceded by another large group of Brazilian officers and their guests, of whom we were one.

Among these earlier arrivals were: Lt. G. L. Goyano, Lt. J. Faria Lima, Lt. Roberto Nunes, Lt. S. R. Winett of the U. S. Army and Mrs. Winett; Lt. Carlos Santos with Jean Randell; Lt. Roberto Freitas with Marty Warren; Lt. W. L. Vampré with Bunnie Bikle, and Lt. Ary Gomes with yours truly.

In addition to Mr. Ponso, several other Latin-American students from Tech School were present, including Pedro Barros, Sertorio Arruda, and Vinicius Vargas.

Speaking of the Brazilian Naval Officers, we certainly hope that these distinguished guests from our great neighbor country enjoyed themselves as much as we all enjoyed having them. We're glad they like our parties, and we hope they'll continue to attend as regularly as they have been doing for the past few weeks.

At the first table as we came in, we saw Mr. and Mrs. Myllion B. Webster, Syd "Rhumba" Burrows and Tibby; Connie Henshaw; Lt. and Mrs. D. H. Williams; Elaine Chalk and Alan W. Vaden.

Jimmie Brown was there with Diann Hagermann and Luis Jaramillo with Loretta Hinson. It was nice to see Paul and Mrs. Baker again, and it was a real surprise to see Lt. "Bud" Belland, U.S.N.R.,

former Fly Paper editor, who is stationed temporarily at Opa Locka.

Mr. and Mrs. John Paul Riddle arrived with Capt. and Mrs. Len Povey, Capt. Boyd of Dorr Field, and the Don Budes. Two Ohioans, Bob Chalker and Truman Gile, Jr. showed up, and Ruth Turner was there with Officer Candidate Derby Thomas.

From Dorr Field came Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Reetz, also Jack and Mrs. Hart.

The rhumba contest was won by Lt. S. R. Winett of the U. S. Army and Mrs. Winett, who came with a party of several Brazilian Officers.

The Brazilian students from Tech provided recordings of samba music for the samba contest which was won by Vinicius Vargas and Ilza Souza, niece of the Brazilian Vice Consul.

The jitterbug contest was, of course, a walkaway for little Adele Heiden and Student John Howard, who make as cute a couple as you'll see anywhere.

Well, so much for LAST Saturday and what we think was a very nice party. Though it's a little early to say at this writing whether we'll get in under the wire this week and have the Broadmoor again, we *can* and *will* say that we HOPE so.

We do miss having dinner with our dancing; but since the dining room at the hotel has not been opened, we must forego that fine fare we've grown used to and concentrate on other things . . . which should be good for most of us *this* week, since we probably won't be recovering our appetites after the Thanksgiving gorging until along about Sunday morning.

SEC. 562, P. L. & R.



A Look into the Future

There are big days ahead for Aviation. As a matter of fact, those big days are here right now — and "you ain't seen nothin' yet." Why not build your career in an industry with unlimited opportunities — not only during these wartime days but in the years to come?

Whether you choose to build 'em, fly 'em, or keep 'em flying, Embry-Riddle, with a range of 41 different courses, can give you the training you need. Get all the facts and plan to enroll soon.



3240 N. W. 27th Avenue

Miami, Florida

Phone 3-0711



Mfgs. Aircraft Assn., Inc.
Attn: Mr. Murbach
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, N. Y.